Fall To Gluttony

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Fall To Gluttony

by ElizaD

Summary

Hannibal longs for Will's forgiveness but Will's chosen punishment is much crueler than he expected.

After all these years, Hannibal would still do anything for his Will.

Notes

This idea would not get out of my head until I wrote it down. I do apologize to my WIP readers who are being so very patient with me. Thank you, I love you all.

This is part one of a companion to my Seven Deadly Sins series. You do not have to read that but people seem to enjoy it so maybe you should. Thanks to my bestie for the title of this series.

Please enjoy gluttonous Hannibal getting exactly what he deserves.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will was settled on the swinging seat on the outside deck, his eyes closed and his curls tousled by the sea breeze. He looked so peaceful Hannibal almost did not want to disturb him. He lingered in the doorway just watching Will lit by the porch lights, just being. His face was clear of worries and lines, he was calmer than he had even been. Hannibal's breath was almost silent but Will sensed his presence anyway. Opening his eyes he turned to Hannibal with a polite smile. "Hey," he said softly.

"I thought we could share a night cap," Hannibal suggested, raising a wine bottle.

"Okay," Will said, his smile looking slightly more genuine. Hannibal bowed his head and filled two wine glasses in the kitchen before joining Will outside, thighs only just touching on the small bench as it rocked gently beneath them. "Cheers," he said softly raising his glass and Will responded.

"I love it here," Will said after a few moments, a hint of sadness in his tone.

"The house or Cuba?" Hannibal asked.

"Both," Will answered. "How long before we have to move again?" He asked with a slight sadness.

"We don't," Hannibal answered, feeling breathless.

"We don't?" Will asked. "Why not?"

"It had been three years since that night on the cliff," Hannibal told him.

"The night we killed the dragon," Will said, eyes on the sea's rhythmic waves.

"Yes. Jack delayed the decision for as long as he could but you and I have officially been declared dead," Hannibal said. "No one is looking for us, we are free to live our new lives," he answered with a smile.

"Richard and Leon Smith," Will muttered with an eyeroll.

"Smith is the hardest name to track," Hannibal responded. Will did not answer. "Do you wish to stay here?" Hannibal asked him. "We can go anywhere you want to."

"We…" Will said distantly.

"Or you, you have your own documents, passport and I have set up accounts in your false name," Hannibal told him. "You can choose to leave here if you wish," he said, voice tight.

Will looked at him in confusion for a few quiet minutes. "Alone?" He asked. Hannibal nodded. "Is that what you want?"

"No. It is that last thing I want, but I won't keep you here against your will," Hannibal responded.

“I ran away with you. Followed you across Europe, never even contacted my wife or Jack. I gave up everything to run with you. I do not want to leave,” he said firmly. “Do you own this home or does it belong to a ‘contact’?” He asked.

“I own it, I find the secluded beach view soothing,” Hannibal answered.

“Me too,” Will said, waves reflected in his eyes. He turned slowly to face Hannibal, “I would like to stay here.”

“With me?” Hannibal repeated, voice velvet soft.

“Yes, with you,” Will answered, his eyes lingering on Hannibal’s lips. The wine glasses rested forgotten on the table in front of them. Hannibal’s hand came up to cup Will’s face, moving slowly. Will did not flinch from his touch, even when it was unexpected but this was new. They slept in separate rooms, a thin wall between them. Hannibal often touched Will, unnecessary, lingering touches that could not be defined as platonic but it had never been romantic or sexual, until now. Will relaxed into the warmth of his hand and moved forward a little, eyes half closing. Hannibal took this as consent and brushed his lips against Will’s before pulling him into a real kiss, deep and sensual but not rough.

Hannibal moaned gently against Will’s lips, his tongue seaking entrance which was granted. As soon as his tongue brushed against Will’s Will drew back, out of Hannibal’s reach, his head bowed. “Will?” Hannibal questioned, concerned he had scared him away.

“No,” Will answered, not looking at Hannibal.

“Have I misunderstood our relationship?” Hannibal asked, his voice steady.

“No,” Will answered again.

“Then what is it you are feeling?” Hannibal asked. “I need you to tell me,” he spoke honestly.

“I can’t forgive you,” Will answered, brokenly, finally meeting Hannibal’s mournful eyes. “I don’t know how.”

“You still do not trust me,” Hannibal said, he sounded so disappointed.

“I do,” Will insisted. “I don’t know why but I trust you to protect me, stay with me and I no longer fear that you will hurt me. It doesn’t make sense,” he said, shaking his head. “But after everything, Beverley, Abigail,” his voice broke slightly. “Sending him after my family, Molly and her child. They should never have been part of this sick game but you dragged them into our darkness. I want to forgive you, truly I do. Can you tell me how?” He asked, almost begging him.

“I don’t know,” Hannibal answered. “Believe me I wish I could tell you exactly what to do or that I knew what I could do to earn it. But I don’t have the answers this time,” Will accepted the answer then stood up.

“I feel like you were never punished,” Will said, leaning on the railing staring out to the sea. “It shouldn’t still bother me but it does.”

“I spent three years in prison, without you,” Hannibal reminded him. “It took three years for me to see you again. I don’t believe you know how hard that was.”

“You didn’t do that to atone, you did it so I would know where you were,” Will said. “And it worked. Every morning you were the first thing I thought of and when I tried to go to sleep next to my wife I was thinking of you,” he confessed. “I worked every hour I could because everytime I stopped for even a minute, it was your voice I heard, the constant screen saving in my head was your eyes. I suffered too.”

“I wanted you to know that I would never leave you again,” Hannibal said.

“And that we would never be free of each other,” Will finished for him.

“I cannot force you to forgive me or tell you how to do it but I do want it more than anything. I will take any punishment you wish,” he said, coming to stand next to Will’s leaning low against the railing.

“Damn it Hannibal!” Will snapped, standing upright. “I am not talking about some fucking sex game, I am serious!” He said.

“So am I, Will. I am not suggesting a scene or anything of the sort,” Hannibal answered calmly. “I am suggesting that you take your time and perhaps we can find a way to move through this. After everything, we will not survive separation now.”

“I need to go,” Will said, stopping when he noticed Hannibal’s eyes widen. “I’m not leaving, I’ll come back. I just need a couple of hours of space, to think, figure this out for myself.”

Hannibal nodded. “Be careful,” He said. Will gave him a tight smile and nodded before leaving. Hannibal sat watching the waves, they grew rougher matching his mood. Hannibal tried to think how to solve this, he had hurt Will so many times, over and over again he had manipulated, deceived and betrayed Will. Yes, Will had hurt him in response, changed him and broken his heart, but Hannibal regretted none of it. He longed for Will’s forgiveness, even if it was just so Will could be happy.

It was three hours before Will returned, Hannibal had expected to spot him on the beach lost in thought but Will had not gone to his usual place. He listened to Will close the front door and kick off his shoes, heard him come closer to the deck, accompanied by a rustling noise. When he stepped out onto the deck he was carrying several paper bags.

They were all blazened with brand names. Mcdonalds, KFC, Burger King, Pizza Hut and Subway. Places Hannibal had never eaten in before. He looked up at Will. “You were hungry?”

“No, not at all,” Will answered. “This is all for you.”

“I do not eat fast food Will, unless I have chased it down myself,” he was satisfied at the smirk Will could not hide.

“I know, there is nothing you would hate more than fat and bread so sugar-filled some countries do not even call it bread,” Will said, placing the food on the table in front of them.

“Are you serious?” Hannibal looked horrified.

“The healthy choice,” Will said with a soft laugh. “The drinks are, strawberry, chocolate and banana milkshake, cherry pepsi and a double chocolate frappe, decaf,” he said, gesturing to the large drinks.

“This is my punishment?” Hannibal asked. “I thought you were serious?”

“I am completely serious,” Will said. “You want my forgiveness?” He asked.

“Yes Will, you know I do,” Hannibal answered softly.

“This is what I want,” Will said, sitting next to him on the porch swing as it swayed gently.

“All of it?” Hannibal asked.

“Yes,” Will said simply.

“Very well, vicious boy,” he sighed, cringing as he reached for the first bag.

“Memphis BBQ king double,” Will told him. “Along with a side of large cheesy loaded fries.”

“I do enjoy cheese,” Hannibal said hopefully, trying a yellow fry. His face twisted. “However it would appear there is more plastic in this than actual dairy,” he said with a sneer. Will did not answer, just sat watching him patiently. Hannibal picked up the burger, he could feel the grease already, and was disgusted and baffled by why it was topped with onion rings. Resigned to his penance he took a bite. Far too much salt. At least it was warm and thoroughly cooked with an attempt at seasoning though the meat tasted poor quality he told himself it may be his assumptions playing a part. He chewed thoroughly and swallowed dutifully.

“Go that slow and the rest will go cold. Fast food tastes awful cold,” he warned him. Hannibal bit back his opinion that this food could not be any worse and nodded a polite acknowledgement of the advice. He took another larger bite, swallowing more quickly before taking a few fries. The food did not taste good but not bad enough that he could not continue.

Will continued watching him until he was finished then passed the next bag to him, the one marked with famous golden arches. “Big mac, large fries and a limited edition twirl mcflurry,” he said.

The ice cream locked like it would cause all his teeth to fall out. Chunks of chocolate and thick chocolate sauce mixed into what he imagined to be very sugary ice cream. He tried a fry. The texture was pleasing enough although too thin, they were not as salty as the others and they did taste fresh. He could certainly manage a portion of the fries. He ate a few more before reaching for the burger, he was forced to open his mouth wide before taking a bite. No

ridiculous topping on this and he thought the meat was better. “A very even grilling,” Hannibal said.

“I’m glad you like it,” Will said with a sarcastic smirk.

“I did not say that,” Hannibal replied, taking a few more bites. The food was quite filling which surprised him and the fries were actually rather morish. This meal was easier to finish although he was feeling fuller, the cherry flavoured drink helped to wash it down but he doubted there had ever been a real banana anywhere near the milkshake.

He picked up the Mcflurry. He had heard patients complain that the ice cream machine was always broken, a source of frustration to many but he was not so lucky tonight. Resigned to his fate Hannibal scooped up a bite, it was a sugary sweet and as sickly as he expected but he kept his face clear and took another spoonful. It seemed the container looked fuller than it actually was. Will smiled at him affectionately before pushing a box, a plastic bowl and a smaller cardboard box towards him, all sporting the pizza hut logo.

“A large supreme pizza, a side order of mac ‘n’ cheese and white choc chip caramel cookie dough for dessert,” he said, popping open the box to reveal the steaming pizza.

“Sounds filling,” Hannibal said with slight trepidation, wondering how far Will meant to go with this game of his. Hannibal delighted in food, good food at least, and could eat a lot, he also ensured Will ate a lot but this was a feast he was worried he would not finish.

“Very filling,” Will confirmed. “But I know you are above wasting food,” he warned quietly.

“You know me well,” Hannibal said, bowing his head and reaching for a slice of pizza. It was piping hot, clearly the box was well designed suggesting the restaurant held itself to high standards. Hannibal had first experienced pizza in Italy and loved it. He enjoyed making it too, all from scratch of course but this was not horrendous. It had too many toppings in Hannibal’s opinion, he preferred a few well chosen pieces rather than everything thrown on together. Not to his taste but not badly made. “This is not terrible,” he told Will. “Not my taste but I appreciate the effort the company puts into its product,” he reached for the mac ‘n’ cheese, feeling optimistic, he had never experienced a pasta he hadn’t liked.

He took a large bite and could not hide the disgust on his face. “Sadly this effort only extends to the pizza,” he muttered, pleased to hear Will’s laugh. He quickly swallowed the whole side dish despite its displeasing texture and poor taste. The pizza tasted even better after the pasta and he was able to finish it fairly quickly before delving into the cookie dough.

One of Hannibal’s comfort foods was white chocolate. He could certainly get more creative with dark chocolate when cooking but white chocolate was one of his vices, one of many. But cookie dough; what a ridiculous thing to eat, it was basically a half-cooked meal. Hannibal could feel Will’s eyes on him the whole time, warm on his skin despite the cool night air. He found himself eating with more enthusiasm eager to prove his devotion to Will, as long as it took. Will’s gaze was unflinching although his expression was difficult to read, Hannibal adored being watched by him, the intensity thrilling him. Jocelin’s angel burning his spine away. Once the dessert was finished Hannibal was forced to undo his belt.

The waistband was not overly snug but Hannibal could feel his stomach stretching to accommodate the extensive food. He took a few deep breaths before starting on the cupboard bucket. “Past half-way,” Will said, half-way between kind and proud, his hand coming to stroke through Hannibal’s hair. Hannibal gave him a warm smile and opened the bucket. Chicken, rather boring.

“And what do you call this feast?” Hannibal asked.

“Mighty bucket meal for one,” Will answered. “Six pieces, a side of friends and an extra side of southern fried rice. There is also a chocolate sundae.”

“I really must find a gym first thing tomorrow,” Hannibal said softly, sinking a bite into one of the wings. There was entirely too much seasoning. Yes the herbs worked well together and were quite delicious but the flavour of the chicken itself was completely lost. He worked his way through three pieces of chicken before tasting the fries. Thankfully they were not salted, he could almost feel his arteries clogging, he was pleased they had the skin partially one three orders of fries was getting boring. It would be a week before he served a potato side again.

He felt Will’s hand move along his leg, a comforting gesture that he appreciated. The sign that he was earning his forgiveness, as tough as it was, encouraged him and he finished the fries in a few handfuls. He heard Will stifle a laugh. “Is something funny?” He asked.

“See you stuff your face, it’s so surreal,” he answered with a grin. Hannibal nodded, it could understand how strange it must seem.

He pushed the empty fry box away and reached for the rice. Will had begun experimenting with southern food recently and was improving swiftly, although Hannibal often ate it to please him rather than pleasure. He took a few bites, nothing special, but tasty enough. “I prefer your southern dishes dear,” he said sincerely.

“My gumbo is better than my rice,” Will said, blushing a little at the compliment.

“Yes. Your gumbo is wonderful,” Hannibal told him. He finished the meal, uncomfortably full by the end. He was forced to undo his top button and take a gulp of fresh air before continuing. His ice cream was slightly melted and not as sweet as the mcflurry he had eaten earlier, rather bland in fact but he did like the chocolate source, a slight hint of bitterness to offset everything else he had eaten so far. Will had promised the bread was overly sugary so he did not have high hopes for the final course.

He retrieved a warm sticky sandwich from the subway bag. Chicken and bacon with ranch sauce and melted cheese holding it all together. The bread was white and thick and he was disappointed to see it was a foot long. There was a large ring donut, loaded with sugar accompanying the sandwich and a side he did not recognise. “What are those?” He asked Will, peering at the bite sized snacks.

“Hash browns,” Will responded.

“Surely not!” Hannibal gasped. “I have made hash browns. They are one of my favourite foods,” he said, brows knitting together. “These can not be hash browns.”

“I think they are probably cooked from frozen,” Will admitted. Hannibal groaned and put the sandwich down. “Giving up?”

“Of course not,” Hannibal ground out, a failed attempt at sounding flippant. As he predicted the hash browns were not as delicious as his own and were beginning to go slightly cold at the edges which did not help. “I am making these, properly, every day for a week,” he declared.

“I look forward to it,” Will informed him.

Hannibal finished the hash browns in quick succession, he saw no virtues to them at all and was happier when they were gone. At least the sandwich was warm although the ‘italian style’ bread was sweeter than any he had tasted in Italy.

Once the foot long monstrosity was gone he finished the last of the chocolate milkshake and unzipped his pants, pushing the waistband as low as it could go, his stomach feeling very sore. He took several deep breaths while Will's eyes continued to warm his skin and drive him forward.

Reluctantly he reached for the donut, wanting nothing more than to drink a very cold glass of water and sleep off this uncomfortably full feeling. He made himself open his mouth for the sweet treat but Will stopped his hand before he bit down, taking the dessert from his hand. Will tore an inch long piece from the flesh and brought it to Hannibal’s mouth, slipping it between his teeth, sugar covering his mouth. Will’s eyes focused on his lips as he licked away the sugar grains lingering there.

Finally Will took his eyes off him and he quietly finished the donut himself before standing up silently and gathering up the discarded cardboard and paper bags. He went back inside as Hannibal reclined, breathing in the cold air, he could hear Will separating the recyclable materials. His dear boy was so considerate. Hannibal's eyes were closed when he heard Will come back to join them. “Here,” he heard a gentle voice say and opened them to see a glass of water held out for him.

“Thank you,” he said, taking a small sip. It was perfectly cold and a relief after all the heavy food.

“I forgive you, Hannibal,” Will said, sitting next to him, closer than before, their legs pressed together. Hannibal eyes moved to Will’s hands, seeing them free of a blade.

“Your forgiveness is more creative than it once was,” Hannibal observed with a slight smile.

“Forgiving like God didn’t serve,” Will answered.

“This was cruller.”

“But fitting,” Hannibal could not help but agree with that statement.

“I would not have done it for anyone else,” Hannibal told him frankly.

“I believe you,” Will answered. “I wasn’t sure you would manage it,” he admitted.

“Were you hoping I would fail you?” Hannibal asked.

“You haven’t yet,” Will said with a grin. “How do you feel?”

“Horrendously uncomfortable and very very tired,” Hannibal answered. “But I am happy that I have continued to impress you.”

Will shifted slightly and unbuttoned Hannibal’s shirt, pushing it open to reveal his engorged stomach. “Look at that, you are human,” he mused. His hand smoothed over the rounded flesh there gently. “Is this okay?”

“It helps,” Hannibal told him but still tried to cover the bulge. Will batted his hands away and leaned against Hannibal stroking his stomach softly. “I have always avoided food that lingers on the stomach, it appears to be a problem area for me,” he admitted.

“Are you being insecure?” WIll asked, a wicked smile spreading across his face.

“Please do not mock me when I am in such discomfort,” Hannibal requested.

“I’m not mocking,” Will answered with a short laugh. “I don’t think I’ve seen you insecure before.”

“And now we have no more secrets,” Hannibal told him.

“Good. I like you like this,” Will told him gently. “Soft and round.”

“I have pictured you like this many times. While I was without you I had plenty of time to think of you,” Hannibal told him.

“Full with your food.”

“Among other things,” Hannibal answered.

“What did you think of?” Will asked, in curiosity. “When you thought about me?”

“A great many things,” Hannibal answered.

“Tell me?” He looked up at him through his thick lashes. “Please?”

“It would take too long to tell you everything,” Hannibal told him. “I thought about you in a thousand different ways. I thought about the ways our past could be altered, every possible future we could have and some we could not. I even imagined how we would live in an alternate world.”

“Were we always together, in the worlds you imagined?” WIll asked.

“Yes. Every single time,” Hannibal answered.

“You never imagined the way we would say goodbye, have closure,” Will asked.

“No. I could not imagine any way for us to be separated,” Hannibal answered. “I would not want us to be.”

“Me either,” Will answered after a moment’s contemplation. “Tell me about your imagined worlds?” He asked.

“One was an alternate world where you were grown full and round with my seed,” Hannibal answered, his gaze unflinching when he met Will’s eyes.

“You fantasised about a female me?” Will asked.

“Sometimes,” Hannibal answered. “But I preferred you as you are, beautiful and male, but also able to carry our child.”

“Kinky,” Will said with a soft laugh.

“You have no idea,” Hannibal warned him.

“That was your favourite?” Will asked.

“Yes, but it does not compare,” Hannibal told him.

“To what?”

“To this,” he answered softly. “No fantasy compares to the reality of being here, with you, together through choice rather than design.”

“Do you forgive me, for everything I did to you? Betraying you, sending someone to kill you, making you wait for so long,” he asked tentatively.

“Yes,” Hannibal answered with certainty.

“Even stevens,” Will observed. “That’s fair.”

“Fairness has nothing to do with it, Will,” Hannibal answered him. “But everything we have done to each other brought us here, to this place. I did not take delight in hurting you despite my sadistic side, but I do not regret anything and I would endure the pain of your betrayal a hundred times over to have this,” he finished with a long yawn.

“Bed time,” Will suggested.

“A wise suggestion,” Hannibal agreed, moving to his feet with a soft smile. They slowly made their way inside hand in hand before parting at Hannibal’s bedroom door with a soft, fletting kiss. Hannibal moved into the bedroom, relieved to strip off his clothes. He climbed into his softest and loosest pyjama pants and brushed the taste of fat and salt from his mouth before falling into his bed, feeling only slightly better.

He was drifting on the edge of sleep when his door opened softly and he saw the pale figure of his Will slip in. “Darling? Is something wrong?” He asked.

“No,” Will said, standing at the edge of Hannibal bed, sheer curtain separating them, his expression lost in the darkness. He slid into bed next to Hannibal, his hands moving over Hannibal’s stomach again. “Can I stay here tonight?” Will asked softly, shuffling closer.

“Yes, mylimasis,” Hannibal whispered.

“Can I stay here every night?” Will asked.

“I would like nothing more,” Hannibal answered, his voice warmer than Will has ever heard it.

He felt one of Hannibal’s, thick arms curl around his waist, drawing him into his warmth and enveloping him closely. Will raised his face, finally bringing them close enough to see each other’s faces in the darkness. Their lips connected again and Will melted against him, his heart soaring. It did not last long but the world was different when they parted. Will closed his eyes and let his head loll against Hannibal’s shoulder, Hannibal pressed a kiss to his salt scented curls and lay back with a smile. His stomach still ached but he could feel Will’s burning flesh pressed against him and he was completely at peace, happy.

“Thank you for your forgiveness,” he whispered into the darkness.

“Worth the stomach ache?” Will asked with a huff of laughter, a delightful playfulness in his voice.

“Mano mylimasis, your forgiveness is worth endless gluttony.”

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed, please tell me what you thought and you know I love your suggestions. If anyone is offended by what I have said about your favourite foods I am sorry. I personally love McDonald's and I judge no-one for what they wanna eat.

Next up, Hannibal unleashes his wrath.

As always, kudos and comments bring me joy while constructive criticism and requests are always gratefully received.

Survive, live and thrive and, whenever possible, eat the rude.

xxx

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